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YOUNG NEW-YORK;

A

COMEDY THREE ACTS.

BY

ED: G. P. WILKINS,

Author of "My Wife's Mirror."

AS PRODUCED AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, NEW YORK,

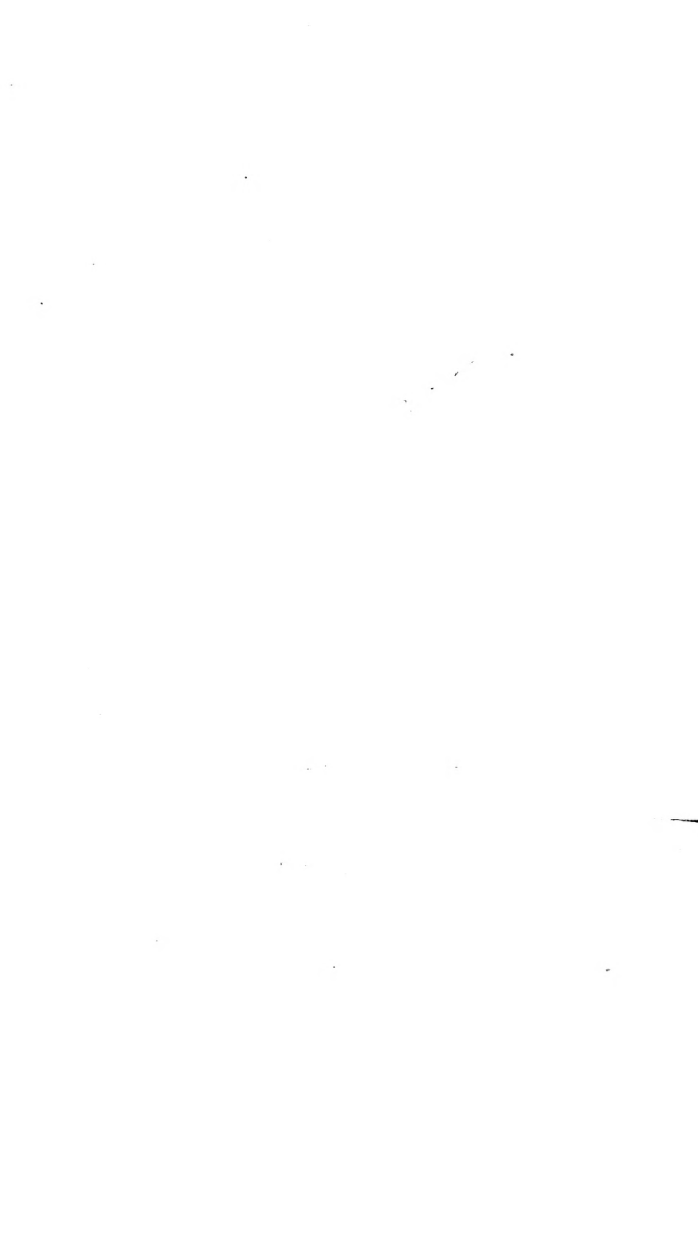
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 24

NEW YORK:

JOHN PERRY, 390 BROADWAY.

PRICE,]

[12½ CENTS.



YOUNG NEW YORK.

A

COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

BY

ED: G. P. WILKINS,
AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S MIRROR."

AS PRODUCED AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, MON-
DAY EVENING, NOV. 24, 1856.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by E. G. P. Wilkins,
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Cast of the Characters.—(YOUNG NEW YORK.)

- Mr. Ten-per-cent*, PATER FAMILIAS, a retired Merchant, addicted to note-shaving, kite-flying, anxious to represent this ungrateful republic in Congress, afflicted with a fast and fashionable wife.....Mr. Burnett
- Mr. Adolphus Washington Ten-per-cent*, son of his father, the foregoing, addicted to billiards, brandy and water, and the CORRS DE BALLET.....Mr. George Jordan
- Mr. Airy Froth*, A. B., addicted to romancing, vulgarly called blowing; distinguished for having no affairs of his own, and paying the most profound attention to those of OTHER people; ex-politician, ex-diplomatist, ex-musical agent, ex-journalist, ex-artist.....Mr. T. B. Johnston
- Mr. Ncedham Crawl*, addicted to Bible Societies, Religious Anniversaries, Christian Associations, Oxford prayer books and two per cent. per month; with one eye in Wall street, and the other on Grace Church.....Mr. Stoddart
- Mr. Nutgalls*, Editor of the "Daily Scorchers," addicted to saying unpleasant things in the wrong place.....Mr. C. Wheatleigh
- Signor Patrici Skibberini*, a noble Roman, originally from Galway, first Tenor at the Italian Opera; addicted to \$1,500 per month.....Mr. Lingham
- Mrs. Ten-per-cent*, addicted to fashionable society, and four parties a week.....Mrs. H. P. Grattan
- Miss Rose Ten-per-cent*, daughter of the foregoing, a flower, just cut from the bush, at Springler Institute; addicted to driving three-minute horses, sherry-cobblers, the German and Skibberini.....Miss Laura Keene
- Miss Cerulia Sawin*, from Boston, Massachusetts, highly intellectual; addicted to Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professor Agassiz, astronomical observations, conic sections and primary formations.....Miss Josephine Manners
- Jane*, a Domestic.....Miss Gray

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—*The United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs*.—The first Hop of the Season—"I'm Dying for a Cobbler;" Exciting Brush on the Lake Road; The German; A little bit of Lecturing and Love Making; Sudden appearance of Young New York—I'll Summerize you! Adjournment to the Clifton House.—TABLEAU!

ACT II.—*Mr. Ten Per Cent's Basement*—slightly subterranean, but very nice; A Grand Family Row; Remarkable Evidence of Spunk on the part of Young New York; A Thrilling Scene with a Denouement that any body might have expected.

ACT III., Scene 1.—*Editorial Rooms of the Scorchers*, not intended for any New York Papers; Description of a Great Western Actress.

Scene 2.—*The Tenant House*; Young New York under a Cloud, but Gay as a Lark; A Bran New Novel, copyright secured; Mr. Ten Per Cent reads the Afternoon Papers. Scene 4.—*The Green Room of the Academy of Music*; Debut of the New Singer; Finale to Cinderella, "Now with Grief no longer Bending."—CONCLUSION.

Time of Representation, Two Hours.

Costumes.—(YOUNG NEW YORK.)

MR. TEN-PER-CENT—First Act—Light Summer Dress—Second and Third Acts, Black Suit, rather seedy.

MR. CRAWL—Black Suit, White Cravat, no beard or moustache.

MR. FROTH—First Act—Fashionable Summer Promenade—Third Act, Black suit.

MR. NUTGALLS—Fashionable Promenade.

MR. WASHINGTON TEN-PER-CENT—First Act—White Pantaloon, light loose Coat, white Waistcoat, very broad Watch Ribbon, low cut patent leather Shoes, no whiskers and a slight moustache.—Second Act—Fashionable Promenade, very long loose Coat, light Trousers, *outré* hat, Boots.—Third Act—Seedy thin Coat, spotted with ink, no Waistcoat, Slippers, seedy Trousers—Fourth Act—Evening Dress.

MR. SKIBBERINI—First Act—Full Ball Dress—Second Act—Black suit, white Gloves.

ROSE TEN-PER-CENT—First Act—Ball Dress—Second Act—Travelling Dress—Third Act—Plain Black Silk Dress—Fourth Act—Evening Dress.

CERULIA—First Act—Ball Dress—Second Act—Fashionable Morning Dress. (should wear constantly an eye-glass, black mounted)—Fourth Act—Evening Dress.

MRS. TEN-PER-CENT—First Act—Ball Dress—Second Act—Promenade.

Properties.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Furniture for room seen through the Flat, Cigars in cases and matches for Ten-per-cent and Nutgalls. Arm chairs in front of scene. Ordinary hotel chairs. Ice cream for Rose. Light cane for Washington.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Lunch Table, L. C., with decanters, Lounge, R., Library Chairs, Bookcases, Mirror, handsome Furniture, Book in Library for Cerulia to find, Newspaper for Cerulia, Letter and Newspaper for Ten-per-cent. (No. 1 & 2, Act II.) Written Card, (large) for Mrs. Ten-per-cent, a Tract and a Flacon for Crawl—Door Bell and noise of Trunks, U. E. E., Blank Note for Jane, (No. 3, Act II.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Writing Desk, with writing materials paper and manuscripts, R., Two Office Chairs, Basket for waste paper, written paper, (No. 1, Act III.) Concert Bill on desk, (to be cleared.)

SCENE II.—Fireplace, Furniture of Tenant House, cheap Furniture, Table S. C., and a boquet on it, as well as one of Singer's Sewing Machines, C., another Table, L., with writing materials, Cooking Utensils at fireplace, a Canary Bird in cage, written paper. (No. 2., Act III.) 2 sheets newspaper, Herald on table, (No. 3., Act III.) Newspaper, Act III., for Ten-per-cent, (blank,) Evening Mirror, No. 6, for Jane, (written.)

SCENE III.—Piano and music on it, armful of Boquets, R. Band up.

STOP A MOMENT!

ON the first night of this piece, the author had the honor to appear before the curtain, in response to the call of the audience. He also had the pleasure to address the audience, and is sorry to learn from various quarters, that his eloquent remarks were altogether inaudible in the front of the house. It has been further stated, that the speech was a little confidential chat with Mr. THOMAS BAKER, the conductor of the orchestra. Mr. BAKER, however, has assured the author, that he is altogether in the dark as to the remarks made on the interesting occasion.

Rather than allow so noble a specimen of forensic eloquence to be lost to posterity, the author has decided to embody it here.

The author, then, desires to thank the public, the actors, and the press, for the extreme kindness with which his first efforts at dramatic composition have been patronised, performed and reviewed; and, using an entirely original expression, to say that his gratitude is altogether too profound to be expressed in words.

To Miss LAURA KEENE, the thanks of the author are especially due, for her care and attention displayed in getting up the piece; and for her delicate deference to the author's requests, reasonable or unreasonable. Nothing could be finer than the acting of Miss KEENE and Mr. GEORGE JORDAN, in the characters which embody the speciality of the comedy, and much of its success is due to their artistic performance. To Mr. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH, Mr. THOMAS B. JOHNSTON, Mr. BURNETT, Mr. STODDART, Mr. LINGHAM, Mrs. GRATTAN and Miss JOSEPHINE MANNERS the acknowledgments of the author are justly due.

To the great public, which generously gave its approbation to the young author's imperfect effort, he returns his thanks, and will endeavor to deserve the favor so lavishly bestowed. It was not expected that this comedy which deals more with facts than fancies would please every body, and that it has satisfied the majority is sufficient for all practical purposes. Not to be at all impertinent, the minority should remember the remarks of Hamlet—

“ Let the *galled* jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung.”

And so, sweet friends, farewell, until we meet again.

THE AUTHOR.

YOUNG NEW YORK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Represents the piazza of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga Springs. Practical windows open from the ball-room on the piazza. The front of the scene represents a park. The footlights should be down. A quadrille is danced in the ball-room. Chairs in front. Strong lights behind the scene, in F.*

Mr. Ten-per-cent. [*Discovered sitting on the piazza, R. C., smoking.*] Three weeks at Saratoga, and except one jolly dinner at the Lake House, with some Wall Street fellows, not one solitary drop of comfort have I had yet. What good is all my money to me, I'd like to know. I've got a great house in Madison Avenue; got the furniture of the parlors out from Paris—cost a cool ten thousand. Might have got it just as good here for five, I've no doubt; but American manufactures are not good enough for fashionable people. Fashionable people—bah!

Enter CRAWL, L. 3 E.

Crawl. Ah, my dear sir! Soliloquizing?

Ten-per-cent. Hollo! Crawl! is that you, old fellow? I'm glad to see you. Yes, I *was* thinking aloud.

Crawl. I trust, my dear sir, that no unpleasant thoughts intruded. "All is vanity," saith the preacher, but Saratoga is said to be very gay, this year.

Ten-per-cent. [*contemptuously.*] Gay!—humph. What is all their gayety to me?

Crawl. [*solemnly.*] What, indeed, children of sin born in iniquity?

Ten-per-cent. I don't know that. There's a good many Southern people here, but most of them look as if they were born in New York. But what I was saying was, that their gayety is nothing to me. They don't know me except when they want a subscription to one of their infernal hops! Then I have to come down—heavy enough it is, too. What with new dresses for the women, three dollar bouquets, and all sorts of trash—not that I care about the money—only they don't seem to get anything for it.

Crawl. Mistaken souls that dream of heaven. If they would only spend their money for the spread of religious tracts and pious pocket-handkerchiefs among the Camanches.

Ten-per-cent. Well, I don't know about that. My wife bought two pocket-handkerchiefs the other day—loves of *mo-shors*, she called 'em—and gave two hundred and fifty a-piece for 'em. A Camanche Indian might use 'em for rifle wadding, but I'm certain he'd never think of wiping his nose on 'em. [*Taking out cigar.*] Have a weed, Crawl?

Crawl. Smoking, sir, is a vanity, and I eschew tobacco, but my physician recommends it to quiet my nervous system. Yes, I'll take one, thank you. [*Lights cigar.*] Your lot is a happy one, sir—boundless wealth—a lovely daughter.

Ten-per-cent. (R.) Humbug! I am a slave, sir. Can't enjoy my own property. Got a splendid house—cost (furniture and all) a cool hundred thousand. Parlors are always shut up, unless my wife gives a splurge, and then I can't get in. I'm kept under ground, in the basement, and, the windows being grated, it looks shockingly like the Tombs. Then I have a closet to sleep in, in the third story. I'm too vulgar to meet my wife's friends, but they drink my wine, nevertheless. Fashion keeps us out of our comfortable homes three months in the year, and sends us here to Saratoga, where we pay two hundred dollars a-week for a dog-kennel, which they call a parlor, and three dry-goods boxes, impudently termed bed-rooms; get nothing to eat—drive over dusty roads—and drink water, flavored with old iron, boot-heels and brimstone—bah!

Crawl. (L.) Yes, my dear sir, what you say is, indeed, too true; the frivolity of fashionable life is, indeed, terrible; Doctor Burn-'em-all preached such a sweet discourse to our association last summer upon that subject.

Ten-per-cent. Yes, he's a powerful preacher—[*Aside.*] has a powerful salary too, and makes a tour to Europe to help his bronchitis—it's just as bad next summer, and down we come with more money. The Doctor's Italian campaigns are as expensive as Napoleon's. By the bye, Crawl, how do you come on with Rose?

Crawl. Not well, sir; she's a strange girl—no seriousness about her at all; talks all the time about the opera and horses. Sometimes she astonishes me by asking about La Grange's shake.

Ten-per-cent. Her what?

Crawl. Shake! don't know what it is—never heard of it in Wall Street—don't think it occurs in church music.

NUTGALLS enters c. from door.

Nut. [*Aside.*] Max has to pay twenty-eight hundred a month for it, though.

Crawl. And then she wants me to look at a new horse, and asks me what is the best trotting time, under the saddle.

Nut. [*Back.*] She'll run you the fastest race you ever heard of, if you get her.

Crawl. If I attempt to divert her attention from worldly frivolities, she laughs and says that no one in society goes to church, except to hear the singing.

Nut. The old fogies go to sleep.

Ten-per-cent. I really can't imagine what ails the women. Rose

used to be the quietest of girls—quite like that queer little cousin of hers from Boston—but stick to Rose, she's good stock, fully up to par.

Crawl. I'm afraid that profane singer, from the opera, has a design upon her virgin heart.

Nut. [*Aside.*] As you have upon her virgin bank account.

Ten-per-cent. Confound those fellows! why can't they eat their macaroni at home? Why, my wife patronizes Shibiberninny, or whatever his name is, I can't see. People ought to stick to their position, I say.

Nut. [*Advancing.*] Some of us would be transferred from the Fifth to the First Avenue, if that rule were carried out. Your servant, gentlemen.

Ten-per-cent. Ah! Scorchers, how are you? What's going on inside—got an item for us, or for to-morrow's paper?

Nut. [*Imitating CRAWL.*] The Scorchers is engaged in the great work of regenerating humanity, settling the affairs of the nation, and regulating the destinies of Europe, at two cents per copy, and one shilling a line for advertisements! And we can't afford space to puff broken down watering places and used up belles.

Crawl. I never read the secular press. My researches are confined to the publications of the Tract Society.

Nut. Capital good things they are too.

Ten-per-cent. Yes, to go to sleep over. But how goes the hop?

Rose. [*Speaking c. inside.*] Oh! no, thank you; I don't care to dance any more till the German—won't somebody get me a cobbler?

Nut. There comes some one that can tell you better than I.

[*Ladies laugh within.*]

Ten-per-cent. Jerusalem! a whole raft of women. I'll leave. *Crawl*, will you moisten!

Crawl. I am a tee-totaller in principle, but my physician recommends a small quantity of stimulant for my nervous agitation.

Ten-per-cent. Humph! that means you'll go, I suppose? Nutgalls, will you join us?

Nut. My physician is not so kind as *Crawl's*. In fact he warned me against bad liquor, so I decline.

Ten-per-cent. Come, *Crawl*, [*Going L.*] I want to talk to you about that Galena and Chicago.

Crawl. Hold on to it. [*Exeunt TEN-PER-CENT and CRAWL, L. 3 E.*]

Nut. (L. c.) Nice fellow, that *Crawl*—makes a good thing out of religion and fancy stocks together.

Enter ROSE, c., eating an ice, with MRS. TEN-PER-CENT, MISS CERULIA SAWIN and SKIBBERINI.

Rose. (c.) Oh! Mr. Nutgalls, I'm so glad to see you. You know everything, and can tell me all about the races. Will any ladies go? They say some of the people in society have got a club, and oh my!—you ought to have seen me out this morning with those new ponies pa gave me—such dears—I had such a brush on the Lake Road.

Mrs. Ten. (L. c.) My dear, such conversation—

Rose. Stop, ma—don't break me up. I'm in the best part.

Nut. (r.) It's charming—pray go on.

Rose. Well, Rule and I thought we would have a little ride this morning with the ponies—didn't we, Rule?

Cerulia. (L.) You did all the thinking. I had heard there were some curious stratifications near the lake.

Rose. That'll do about the strat—whatever you call them. Rule and I thought we'd have a ride, so we took Skib along to drive us, didn't we, Skib?

Skib. *Si, signorina!* (*Aside*) and mighty glad I was to get back wid whole bones in me skin.

Rose. We had the new light wagon, and were going along at what Wash. calls a Jersey gait, when down comes Bob Fastboy with those splendid blacks of his. My ponies pricked up their ears, and gave a jump that nearly pulled Skib's arms out, and made Rule drop her Emerson in the mud. You ought to have seen the ponies throw out their dear little feet—I felt all the blood coming up to my head—the ponies went faster and faster, Skib got nervous—I was as cool as Rockland Lake at Christmas—I took the reins, oh! how they pulled, [*Imitating driving,*] soon came up to Fastboy. He wanted to pull up—too much of a gentleman, you know, to race with a lady—but his horses didn't share his feelings in that respect, and nearly pulled him over the dasher, instead of he checking them, so he let them go, and away we went, like twin bullets, neck and neck. I kept my arms down, and had the ponies well together, so—everything turned aside for us—we had a clear road for a mile. I couldn't hear anything but the rattling of the wheels or the tip tips of the ponies' hoofs—my heart beat like a steam engine, it was clear up in my mouth, and—and—I beat him, I beat him—I led him a hundred yards at the Lake House. What do you think of that—eh?

Mrs. Ten. I think it's disgusting—what would the Dusenburys say?

Nut. I think it's charming. [*Aside.*] She'd have saved the fortunes of the Hippodrome.

Skib. You drive splendidly. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my soul, I expected we'd overturn every minute.

Cerulia. I think from your exterior stratifications, that there must be a little of the horse-jockey in your primary formations. [*Music within.*

Rose. Dear me, that's for the German, come Ma, Rule, Skib, [*To NUTGALLS.*] come Scorpion, won't you go?

[*Kushes out c., followed by SKIB., CERULIA, and MRS. TEN-PER-CENT.*

Nutgalls. No, thank you. There's no comfort in dancing with a lady now a days. The hoops are so extensive that one can't get within fifteen feet of his partner. I think I shall have to republish No. 167 of the Spectator as a lesson to the perverse females of this generation. They enlarge the rear of freedom with a vengeance.

Enter FROTH [L. 3 E.], runs to NUTGALLS and slaps him on the back.

Froth. (L.) How are you, old fellow? How's every inch of your crusty old carcase! Just arrived, railroad accident of course—always is—smashed up a lot of immigrants—being second class passengers, no fuss will be made about them. Detained a lot of fifth Avenue people, though—they'll make a fuss. What's the news? What's up? who's here? How's my old foggy friend, Ten-per-cent, and that joker Crawl, who does the religious dodge, and make no end of tin by it?

Nutgalls. (R.) Oh, they are spending their time in the usual miserable manner, affected by our people when they enjoy rural felicity, which means being charged and starved to death. What on earth are you here for. You ought to know better.

Froth. So I do. I'm here for business. Old Ten per-cent wants to run for Congress, and I'm his agent—don't you see? All these things are done by funds, and I've come for a small cheque on the Bank of Commerce for incidentals.

Nut. What are they?

Froth. That's a secret. I can't put you up to all the dodges. First thing I knew, you'd let 'em all out in the *Scorcher*, but the legitimate expenses of a Congressional campaign are twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars, and when we employ strikers, and buy up small newspapers, those are the illegitimate expenses; it often costs five or six thousand. I've rung in some small fry-journals to back up the old joker, but it's of no use talking to you, I suppose.

Nut. No, I couldn't support him at any price. He might do for the Board of Aldermen. They do nothing but sit in a cushioned chair at City Hall, and say, yea or nay, as the party demands, and use up a great deal of stationery! much to the distress of the Comptroller, who refuses to pay for a package of envelopes, and winks at a fifty thousand dollar contract. New York has been taxed to death, and nothing but its great wealth, its astonishing prosperity, and the abused generosity of its people, prevents them from taking the law into their own hands, after the fashion of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee.

Froth. That would be unpleasant.

Nut. Undoubtedly. But the body politic is like the body human—it needs strong medicines at times. But I believe that recent events show that the people are waking up to a sense of their stupidity, and are preparing to administer the government themselves, instead of placing it in the hands of two or three hundred drunken rowdies, who bully voters at primary elections, and pack nominating conventions. The independent press has led the van in this new movement, and the people are alive to the necessity of putting the right men in the right places. So, decidedly, we cannot support your man for Congress. As a politician he is one of the biggest fools in the district.

Froth. That's precisely the reason we are going to elect him. I have got everything set with the nominating convention, and he is bound to go in. Now, if you've got any nice little thing, you'd like to get put through next session, just support him and it's settled.

Nut. No, sir. Couldn't be done. Money's no object, unless we get it in the legitimate way. We've got a large number of other, and better fishes to fry. Will you smoke? [Offering cigar.]

Froth. [Taking cigar. *NUTGALLS goes up.*] Don't mind if I do, *Cabanas*? Yes, very nice. I say, Mr. Ten-per-cent, is that you?

Ten-per-cent. [Coming forward from L. 3 E. of piazza.] Yes, that's me. How'd ye do, Froth? What's the news in the city?

[They take chairs—*NUTGALLS R.*

Froth. Oh, great. Politics running higher than ever. The Buchanan men confident. The Fillmore party gave a grand splurge and saved the

country, a night or two ago, and the Fremont fellows are fighting like so many grizzlys for victory.

Ten-per-cent. (L.) How do things look in my district?

Froth. A little queer, but I think I've got most of the delegates, so your nomination is pretty near fixed. I have gasconaded a good deal about "eminent merchant,"—"credit to his country"—"commercial interest surest of the prosperity of the republic"—and spent plenty of money for liquor.

Ten-per-cent. A powerful agent.

Froth. Yes, it gets at men who are altogether unimpressible by other means; it's very expensive though—nothing but shilling drinks in your district. But we must have money.

Ten-per-cent. Money—always money. I'm a perfect watering-cart, saturating everybody with artificial cheques; I gave you a thousand a week ago.

Froth. Yes, I banked all that, [*Aside*] chiefly at *pharo*. We want money for two or three delegates, who can't see your infinite merit just at present, and there's a good deal to pay to men to stand round the polls.

Ten-per-cent. What for? Are all those loafers paid?

Froth. Paid! of course they are. What the d—l would they do it for unless they were? The simplicity of some people passes my comprehension. They stand there to stave off voters for other people, and get votes for their employers. They prevent half the respectable people in New York from voting at all; and your respectable people have a habit of scratching their tickets and voting for the best man, without regard to his political affinities, which is excessively inconvenient at times.

Ten-per-cent. Well, come along, and I'll give you a cheque.

Froth. We must be in a hurry—got two or three complimentary benefits to manage, and four or five new singers to trot out.

[*Exit FROTH and TEN-PER-CENT, L. 3 E.—NUTGALLS goes L.*]

Enter ROSE, hurriedly, c.

Rose. (R.) Dear Mr. Nutgalls, I'm glad I've found you alone; I've a question to ask you.

Nut. I never answer them; [*Rose looking in his face.*] but this is such a little one, you'll answer it to please me, won't you?

Nut. [*Aside.*] Now, nothing human could stand that, and I am human, though I do edit a newspaper. What is it—something about hoops or horses?

Rose. You misjudge me, like every one else. Nobody knows me, really, except Wash, and—and—— [*Hesitates.*]

Nut. Ah, there's somebody else!

Rose. Never mind. I want to ask you what you think of me.

Nut. I think you are a very nice young woman—a bit spoiled—a little too fast for my taste, and a little too frivolous for the real business of life.

Rose. Yes, you're like all the men; they are continually pitching into us for our extravagance, yet the lady who is the most richly dressed,

always has the greatest number of gentlemen in her train : how do you account for that, my Diogenes !

Nut. You mistake me. I do not object to dress. A lovely woman is never so handsome as when richly dressed. What I object to is extravagance in attire without taste, and a reckless, vulgar display, which only makes the wearer absurd. That's what you may see any fine afternoon in Broadway ; and it always makes me think that a woman's brains are too small, even for the bonnets they wear now-a-days, and that her common sense might easily be wrapped up in the smallest corner of her gaudy shawl. But when I said frivolous, I did not mean dress, particularly, I meant to say that you, like too many fashionable young ladies, paid little attention to matters of real consequence, such as fitting yourself for the responsible duties which you will be one day called upon to perform ; still I think there's a great deal of good in you.

Rose. [*Laughing.*] Much obliged for the compliment, bear, though I don't think much of it. Now I am going to be serious—I feel strangely impelled to confide in you. What do you think of Mr. Crawl ?

Nut. (*u.*) He's a good sort of fellow enough in his way, but——

Rose. But you don't like his way ! I thought so. He has proposed to me a great many times, and I have refused him, and pa says I must have him ; and I can't, and I won't. [*Sobbing.*] I've talked to Wash. about it, but he and pa are not on the best terms, and ma is in favor of it, and—and—I—I—[*Sobs.*] I'm the most miserable little woman in the world.

Nut. [*Aside.*] Here's a situation for a cynic, [*To ROSE.*] And you love somebody else, I presume ?

Rose. [*Still sobbing.*] Y—y—yes.

Nut. Well, why don't the governor have him ? What's the matter with him ?

Rose. Oh, nothing—that is, not much of anything. He hasn't got any money !

Nut. Ahem ! That's a great deal in New York. One, who has no money here, may as well hang himself, or go to Kansas, which is a cheap and agreeable means of suicide. Through tickets, twenty dollars No charge for a rifle bullet in the head. You're not fit, Rose, to be a poor man's wife : like too many American girls, you have been brought up in utter ignorance of what you should have been taught, and are vastly well informed upon things of no sort of value.

Rose. [*Stoutly.*] But one thing I do know, and that is, I will marry the man I choose, whether he's got sixpence or not, and I will labor to the last of my ability to make him happy. I know enough for that, and the will goes a long way in such matters—don't it, old bear ?

Nut. Bravo ! little one. There's some hope of you, yet. But, don't do anything rashly. I don't think Crawl deserves you, and will help to defeat him. But you must remember that if you marry any one who is not in society—an artist——

Rose. Oh !

Nut. Yes, I think I know your secret. If you marry any one of that sort, you'll suffer a great deal ; you'll be cut by your old friends, outlawed from society, and otherwise be made to feel very uncomfortable.

Rose. I don't care for any of them. They affect to despise people who are superior to them in every respect. But, I must run away; it's getting late. Good night. [Offers hand.]

Nat. [Takes hand] Good night, my little friend, and good luck.

[Walks up piazza, L. 3 E.]

[*Rose goes to window in c., and meets SKIBBERINI—SKIBBERINI takes her hand, and they come down R.*]

Skib. One moment—have you considered my proposition! Will your father relent?

Rose. (L.) No, there's been a cabinet council, and I don't see that there's any hope of mollifying the governor; I think he's influenced by that Crawl. Stupid wretch! I hate the sight of him. Oh! Skib, what's the use of your being a nobleman, if you haven't got a cent of money?

CRAWL enters R. slyly.

Crawl. Good heavens! there he is making love to her before my face. It's shameful; I'll get far enough away so they can't see me, and listen to their conversation. [Steps back to R. H. E., and as he does so]

Enter R. WASHINGTON, a little intoxicated, runs against CRAWL.

Wash. Carom on the white ball. Bad shot of yours, that, sir, never should hold your cue in that clumsy way. Pretty thing, that Brindisi; ever hear Vestvali sing it? [*Sings*] 'Tis better to love than—

[*CRAWL puts his hand on WASHINGTON's mouth.*]

Crawl. Be quiet, sir.

[*ROSE and SKIB. converse in whispers, seated L. c.*]

Wash. (R. c.) Splendid woman—never saw anything like her, even in Paris—Paris great place—great boots—ever see La Grange's boots in the North Star! the only thing in the opera good for anything, I assure you. What's the row? Who's that young woman?

Crawl. Such disgraceful proceedings, sir.

Wash. That's jolly good. I like disgraceful things.

Rose. I say again, if you only had money—

Wash. What's that about money?

Skib. But I have something better, I have my profession; tenors are valuable in this country. Your people pay us twice as much as we can get in Europe. Why should you care for the governor? Let us run away, and he's sure to forgive us—I don't think you love me at all.

Wash. Hurrah! Don't care for his governor, no more do I—that's the talk!

Rose. I do love you, Skib, earnestly, devotedly; and when we American women really are caught, it's for good and all.

Crawl. He may have caught her, but keeping her is another affair altogether.

Wash. That's so—I wonder what it's all about?

Skib. You don't know how happy you've made the poor artist by this avowal. I would not give this moment for all the plaudits of the Academy.

Wash. Yes, I know some fellows go there to applaud—don't you, Crawl?

Crawl. I never frequent profane places of public amusement—but listen.

Rose. I'm yours, for ever!

Crawl. Not yet.

Skib. Oh, ecstasy!

Wash. [*To CRAWL.*] I say, old fel—it ain't gentlemanly for us to be trying to overhear

Crawl. [*Excitedly.*] Stop!

Skib. And you'll run away with me?

Rose. Won't you let me confide in somebody?

Wash. I won't stop. I say, it ain't the correct thing, if they are going to run away,—let 'em slide, I don't care.

Skib. Confide in who?

Crawl. Yes, who?—let's learn.

Wash. Bran and water, I say.

Rose. Why, in Wash.

Skib. What! in that stupid brother of yours?

Crawl. Ah!

Wash. Who's that, that's stupid?

[*Crosses to c.*]

Crawl. [*Coolly.*] Only you.

Wash. [*Excited, c.*] Only me. That's good.

Rose. He's my dear brother, and the only one in the family I care about, and he's really sensible enough, if he had——

Skib. Any brains.

Crawl. [*To WASH.*] Do you hear that?

Wash. Dem it, I should think so. That's rather too much, you know.

[*Attempts to go towards ROSE and SKIBBERINI, but is restrained by CRAWL, and in struggles to get away drops his cane.*]

Enter NUTGALLS, L.—goes to ROSE.

Nut. [*Aside, coming down L.*] There's going to be a row here. Miss Rose, your maternal parent, fatigued by a tremendous piano-forte solo, played by an interesting amateur, with one lung, has sent me to look for you. [*Whispers.*] You must go at once. [*Offers arm.*]

Rose. [*Taking his arm, to SKIB.*] Adieu!

Skib. [*c., walking slowly to L.*] Adieu! *Ma toute belle.*

[*ROSE and NUTGALLS exit, c. D.; WASH. breaks away from CRAWL, and comes towards SKIB. from right.*]

Wash. [*To SKIB.*] I say, old top, look here!

Crawl. This will be dangerous, so I'll cut.

[*Exit, R.*]

Skib. Well, sir!

Wash. You called me stupid!

Skib. Well!

Wash. [*Threatening with cane.*] I'm going to Sumnerise you!

Skib. Bless your heart, I'm not a Senator!

Wash. Yes, but I don't discriminate between the man and the act. You're a tenor, and I'm going to smash your upper register. What do you think of this for a shake! [*Flourishing stick over SKIB's head*]

Enter FROTH, C. D.—*hurriedly rushes down and seizes* WASH's arm.

Froth. [To WASH.] Excuse me, sir, but I have a pecuniary interest in this piece of property.

Wash. Go away, Froth.

Skib. I beg you won't interfere, sir.

Froth. Yes, but I will. He is engaged by me to kindly volunteer his services [*Aside.*] for fifty dollars for the complimentary concert to Madame de Blowhardi, for fifty years prima donna assoluta of the opera, and now incapacitated by an accidental circumstance—[*Aside.*] old age—from continuing the duties of her profession.

Wash Nonsense! [*Attempts to strike* SKIB.

Enter, C. D., NUTGALLS—*seizes* WASH, and *draws* him away to R., while FROTH *draws* SKIB. to L.

Nut. We'll settle this at the Clifton House.

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Basement of* MR. TEN-PER-CENT's house; comfortable room; mirror; book-cases; library chairs; lunch table, with decanters, c.; doors, R. and L.

FROTH discovered at table, L.

Froth. Nice business we've made of this, all round! Grand smash-up at Saratoga—bad as an operative *imbroglio*. Rose—nice young woman, that—ought to be Mrs. Froth; but matrimony is such a bore—Rose shut off the duel, and knocked one pin out of Mr. Crawl. Then there was a grand flare-up with the old lady, and then Skibberini disappeared, and then old Blowhardi's benefit went off the hooks, and then I couldn't find out what all the row was about, and then I took all the money I laid out in blowing for old Blowhardi, and then —

Enter CERULIA, R. F., *reading.*

Ah! there's that sweet little bit of Bay State granite. I'll soften her with a little *suaviter in modo*. [*Aloud*] Good morning, Miss Sawin—how charming is—

Cerulia. [*Reading, R.*] A petrified frog discovered on the banks of the Connecticut.

Froth. I was saying that Broadway—

Cerulia. Where it had been found in the fourth formation, which shows that it must have been—

Froth. That the ladies on Broadway—

Cerulia. Must have been imbedded since the eighth century. [*Looks up, sees* FROTH] Ah! Mr. Froth, is that you?

Froth. It is—at least, I believe so. How splendidly you are looking—

Cerulia. Yes—I *was* looking for the transactions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Those sweet Professors!

[*Goes to book-case.*]

Froth. [*Aside.*] Yes, they are a sweet set. Jupiter! if a joker wanted to make love to her, now, she'd go into a philosophical disquisition on the origin and progress of the divine passion. [*Aloud.*] I say, Miss Cerulia, is the lady patroness of the establishment visible?

Cerulia. No—I entertained her for half-an-hour with such a dear, transcendental essay on the duality of the soul. And what do you think she said?

Froth. Haven't an idea—[*Aside.*] That it was a humbug! [*Aloud.*] Something complimentary, undoubtedly.

Cerulia. Nothing of the sort. She said it was a horrid bore, and ordered the carriage for the Orphan Asylum.

Froth. Yes—to bore the little dears, and do up some fashionable benevolence. Where's Miss Rose?

Cerulia. Oh, she went up to Newburgh yesterday, to see one of her old schoolmates. [*Crosses to R.*] Good morning, Mr. Froth. [*Going, R., Reading, walks against wing, L. I E, FROTH corrects her, and shews her the door.*]

Froth. [*Opening R. D. F.*] Good morning, Miss. [*Exit CERULIA.* *Al.*] I see a big light. I wouldn't wonder if there should be a grand row somewhere in this neighborhood. That Rose isn't the sort of person that goes seventy miles to see some bread and butter school girl. No, indeed! I wouldn't wonder if she'd gone and done and run away with Skibberini, just out of unutterable despair at not getting me. [*Looks in mirror, and twirls his moustache.*] What a wretch I am, to be sure.

Enter TEN-PER-CENT, in a passion, L.

Ten-per-cent. D—n it! I say, confound it! Who's that looking in my mirror? I say, sir—I said d—n it! I repeat the remark—d—n it!

Froth. [*Turning round.*] Certainly!—D—n what? Never mind, d—n anything you like. An elderly, irascible gentleman, with half a million, has a perfect right to anathematize anything he sees fit. I am happy to coincide with you—d—n it!

Ten-per-cent. [*Walking up and down.*] Oh! it's you, is it, Froth?

Froth. That's the second time I've been questioned, this morning, as to my identity. Yes, it is me. I shall begin to swear presently.

Ten-per-cent. That infernal rascal! If I only had him here—

Froth. [*Pouring wine, c*] Come, old fellow, you're excited. Take a drop of sherry. No man ever got into a rage on sherry.

Ten-per-cent. D—n sherry! D—n everything!

Froth. Precisely! D—n everything! But what's the difficulty, that everybody has got to be d—d this particular morning, and saved all the rest of the week? What's the row?

Ten-per-cent. [*R., Taking letter and newspaper from pocket.*] Row

enough! Read that. [*Gives them to FROTH.*] Oh! the infernal scoundrel!

Froth. [L., *Reading note*] "Dear Pa! I have to ask your forgiveness. Skib. and I were married this morning. Wash. said he thought you wouldn't be able to arrange your business in Wall street, and so he gave me away, and did it splendidly. It was rural, and very nice. We are going to the Falls,"——

Ten-per-cent. I should like to pitch them over the Falls!

Froth. No you wouldn't. [*Reads.*] "Going to the Falls for our wedding tour, and then return to town, to throw ourselves at your patent leathers. You'll forgive us, won't you, Pa? Skib. is such a nice fellow. He and Wash. send their respects. Adieu, *mon père.*"

"Your affectionate daughter, ROSE."

"P. S I send such a nice article about us, out of the '*Spuyten Duyvil Blast of Freedom.*' Wash. has been playing billiards all the time, with the Editor, and got him to put it in for a leader."

"SPUYTEN DUYVIL, Monday."

Ten-per-cent. I should like to punch his head.

Froth. It's dangerous, punching editors' heads, now-a-days. A joker got into the Tombs for indulging in that luxury, the other day. What's this!

[*Reads from Newspaper.*]

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Our little village was thrown into a perfect furor of excitement on Wednesday last, by a wedding in high life. The gallant bridegroom is Count Patrici de Skibberini, who is descended from one of the noblest families in Italy, and who has been favorably known as an artiste of the opera; and the bride is Miss Rose Ten-per-cent, the daughter of one of New York's most distinguished merchant princes. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Smith, at his residence, and we, with others of the principal men of this town, had the honor of being present. The bride, who was the belle of Saratoga last season, looked bewilderingly beautiful, and every one envied the happy bridegroom. The happy pair, after a brief sojourn at the American Eagle Hotel, which is kept in the best manner, by our old friend, G. Washington Jones.—(see advertisement in another column.)—departed for Niagara Falls, whence, after tarrying a short time, they will proceed to New York, and thence to Italy, where the Count has a beautiful villa, by the Lake of Como, so eloquently described by Bulwer, in that beautiful play, 'The Lady of Lyons,'—to be performed this evening, for the first time in this town, by Robinson's superior travelling company, admission fifteen cents—commencing—'In a deep vale, shut out by Alpine hills,' &c. The happy pair have our best wishes for their continued prosperity."

Ten-per-cent. There, Sir! What do you think of *that*?

Froth. I think it's highly amusing. I'd like to know that editor. He ought to be on the '*Home Journal.*'

Ten-per-cent. D—n the editor! Curse the whole party! He's married her for my money—but not a single red cent of it will he get. And Wash. in it, too. After all I've done for those children, [*pathetically.*] spending all the money I have for their education, so they'd know how to spend *my* money in a respectable manner. [*Crosses, r.*]

Froth. [L., *Aside.*] Something that you don't know, yet !

Ten-per-cent. [*angrily*] To have them fool me in that way ! I'll fix 'em ! I'll cut 'em off with a dollar apiece ! [Crosses, L.]

Froth. [R.] And leave your money to some Missionary Society, I suppose ? That's the way they do it now—it's taking your funds to begin the next world with. I came to talk with you about politics ;—things are looking ugly for us——

Ten-per-cent. [*enraged.*] Stop ! I've had trouble enough for one day.

Froth. Well, I'll cut then—Better forgive the young 'uns.

Ten-per-cent. No ! no !

Froth. Good bye, governor.—Got a lot of puffs to write for Brown's double rotary back action steam egg hatcher, and attend three political conventions. [R.] Good bye. [*Exit R. H.*]

Ten-per-cent. [*Sitting at table L., his face concealed in his hands.*] Good bye, Froth. If you see any body I know, tell 'em I have gone to bleeding Kansas.

Enter MRS. TEN-PER-CENT, L., in great glee, shewing large card.

Mrs. Ten. (L.) I've got it ! I've got it ! It's the first party of the season, and now every body must ask me. What's the matter with that man ! Been drinking, I suspect. Awful beast ! Mr. Ten-per-cent ! wake up, sir.

Ten-per-cent. [R. of table, not looking up.] I'm glad you are so happy, madam. [*Aside.*] I'll fix her in a minute.

Mrs. Ten. Yes, I am happy. Look at this ! [*Flourishes card.*] Mrs. Delancy Ten Bræck sends me a card for the first party. I've been trying to get into that set for five years.

Ten-per-cent. [*Aside.*] Yes, and now you've got in, only to be kicked out again. [*Aloud.*] Is that the paste board ? It's big enough !

Mrs. Ten. Yes—Mrs. Ten Bræck is an old Knickerbocker, and does every thing in the highest style. I'll read it to you. [*Reads.*]

MRS. DELANCY TEN BRÆCK solicits the pleasure
of MR. & MRS. TEN-PER-CENT'S company on Thurs-
day evening.

433 Fifth Avenue.

R. S. V. P.

There, sir ! I hope you will try to *dress* yourself like a gentleman, at least. There's a card for Rose, and one for Wash.. too. I've got such a love of a dress—cost \$300, and the lace as much more. [*Sits L.*]

Ten-per-cent. [*sarcastically.*] No doubt. I think it's a bad investment. So, there's a card for Rose, and one for Wash., eh ? Pray is there one for Rose's—Rose's—madam, for Rose's husband ?

Mrs. Ten. [*astonished.*] Her *what* ?

Ten-per-cent. Not her *what* ! her husband—*husband*, I said, madam, —her husband.

Mrs. Ten. [*aside.*] He *has* been drinking. I'll look out for the keys of the wine closet hereafter. [*Aloud*] You'd better take a little opium, my dear, put some ice on your head, and go to bed. I'm afraid you're

Ten-per-cent. No, madam—it is you who will be ill in a moment.—Where is your daughter?

Mrs. Ten. Gone to Newburgh, to see Miss Highflyer, her old school-mate. Her father failed, you know, my love, and gave up every thing to his creditors, and they only spend twenty thousand a year, now, and live in rural retirement.

Ten-per-cent. Really! is that all? Madam, Rose has not gone to Newburgh. She has run away with that maccaroni-chewing, cigar-smoking, garlic-devouring, mustache-curling, d——d blackguard—

Mrs. Ten. Oh, dear!

Ten-per-cent. Of an opera singer, Skibberinini, or what ever his d——d name is! That ever I should have a son-in law, with a name I couldn't pronounce. [Crosses L.

Mrs. Ten. [*Hesitating,—going R.*] And they are married?

Ten-per-cent. Yes.

Enter CRAWL, R. 2. E.

Mrs. Ten. Oh, dear! I feel very ill—where's my salts? [*Staggers, R.*] Married?—every body will think I'm growing old.—Oh! oh!

[*Faints in CRAWL's arms, R.*

Crawl. I beg your pardon—really, sir, won't you be kind enough to relieve me?

Ten-per-cent. No! I've found her dead weight enough for years. She's only got a fashionable faint.

Mrs. Ten. [*Recovering.*] Silence, sir! where's my salts?

Crawl. Allow me.—[*Takes paper from pocket.*] No, that's not it—that's a tract on the Necessity of Politics in the Pulpit. Here it is [*Gives her flacon to TEN-PER-CENT.*] Allow me, sir, to direct your attention to this soul stirring publication.

[*Gives tract to MR. TEN-PER-CENT, then leads MRS. TEN. to sofa, R.*

Ten-per-cent. I feel more like a soul stirring whiskey punch. But have you heard the news?

Mrs. Ten. [*Springing up.*] I'll tell him!

Ten-per-cent. No, you won't!

Mrs. Ten. You're a brute.

[*Sits.*

Ten-per-cent. This is my basement, madam; you can rule in the parlors, but I'm king here. You will oblige me by retiring.

Mrs. Ten. I shall oblige myself by doing nothing of the kind.

Crawl. Really, sir—this scene—do you know what St. Paul says!

Ten-per-cent. No! d—n St. Paul!

Crawl. (c.) Good gracious! d—n St. Paul—I never, really, heard of such a thing. But, perhaps, sir, you'll be good enough to tell me the news?

Mrs. Ten. You must know that Rose—that is—it's all his fault [*Points to MR. TEN-PER-CENT.*]—he spoil'd both of them.

Ten-per-cent. It is false, madam! You insisted upon her learning Italian music, and all such nonsense.

Crawl. [c. *Aside.*] Something about Rose, I begin to be afraid—[*Aloud.*] Pray tell me.

Mrs. Ten. [*To CRAWL.*] Excuse me, sir. [*To MR. T.*] I have given

Rose the education due to her position. It was you that taught her to drive horses, and have terriers, and all sorts of low things.

Ten-per-cent. She ought to have been taught to make puddings and mend stockings.

Crawl. She'd never do it, I fear.

Mrs. Ten. Odious idea! Young ladies are not utilitarian articles—they are objects of *virtu*—

Ten-per-cent. Objects of vice, more likely. I wish you would contrive to keep your tongue still for half a moment, till I can tell Mr. Crawl about this unfortunate business.

Mrs. Ten. Why, you've been talking all the time—I haven't had an opportunity to say a word.

Crawl. Ah! [*Aside.*] You've done pretty well without an opportunity.

Ten-per-cent. [*To CRAWL.*] To make it short, you must know that Rose has run away with that infernal opera singer.

Crawl. [*Suppressing emotion.*] And are they—married?

Ten-per-cent. [*Sternly.*] Yes!

Mrs. Ten. It's lucky he's a count—that's something.

Crawl. [*Bitterly.*] Pshaw! you may buy patents of nobility for twenty shillings! [*Recovers his usual manner.*] But, my dear sir, and madam, allow me to condole with you. In a worldly point of view, it is a sad disappointment to me, but—

Ten-per-cent. Why the devil didn't you run away with her yourself?

Crawl. Good Heavens! me run away with any body? What would the Grace Church people say? As I was about to remark, I seek consolation in a spiritual point of view.

Ten-per-cent. Yes—I've heard that the young men, when they are jilted, usually take to brandy cocktails for the first six weeks or so.

Mrs. Ten. Suicide is more dignified. But what have you to advise, Mr. Crawl?

Ten-per-cent. Yes, Crawl, what shall we do?

Crawl. Well, these artists are all low fellows, with an ungodly love of Mammon, and—

[*Bell rings without, accompanied by noise and confusion, in the midst of which is heard ROSE's voice.*]

Rose. [*Without.*] There, that'll do; thank you. Put four of those trunks in my dressing-room, and the other ten you may leave here for the present. Where's ma?

Mrs. Ten. (R.) That's Rose!

CRAWL opens R. D. F. Enter ROSE, hastily, CRAWL gives her his hand.

Crawl. (R. c.) Allow me, Miss Rose—I beg pardon—Madame la Comtesse, to tender to you my warmest congratulations, and my sincerest wishes for your future welfare. My heart bleeds—

Rose. (L. c.) Thank you, Mr. Crawl, that'll do—I don't care to hear a sermon. If your heart bleeds, Rule will fix it up for you, she's great on surgery.

Crawl. [*Aside, going, R.*] I'll have you yet.

[*He is about to exit, R., when*

Enter WASH., R. He runs against CRAWL.

Wash. Ah! old fellow! [*Exit CRAWL, R.*] Keep up—beaten at your own game—better luck next time. They've been taking two to one on you, I'm afraid.

[*ROSE and WASH. at back of stage, looking intently at Mr. and Mrs.*

T. ROSE comes down slowly to where Mrs. T. sits. WASH. goes very slowly to Mr. and then to Mrs. T., they turn their backs.

WASH. takes glass of wine, and sits carelessly on edge of table,

L. U. E.

Rose. My dear mother—

Mrs. Ten. Don't talk to me, miss!—such disgraceful proceedings!

Ten-per-cent. Awful!

Wash. Nothing of the kind, governor. Every thing was done without regard to expense. Told 'em to go it strong, and you'd pay all the bills. Had the whole town tight as bricks, before dinner.

Rose. Hush, Wash! [*Goes to Mrs. T. and endeavors to embrace her. Is repulsed.*] I am sensible that we have done wrong in part, but I have come to acknowledge it, and ask pardon. I never would have anybody but Skib, and—and—

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Wash. Go it, Rose.

Ten-per-cent. [*Wiping his eyes.*] I can't stand this. [*Going, R.*] I say, Rose—

Mrs. Ten. Silence, sir! Rose, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will the people in society say?

Rose. Why, ma, you shouldn't have asked him here, if I wasn't to fall in love with him. It's done now, and [*energetically*] I am bound to have him, *coute que coute*.

Wash. That's right—go it Rose! Freeze fast to him.

[*ROSE, still endeavoring to pacify Mrs. T., converses apart with her.*

WASHINGTON comes down slowly, and goes to his father, L., and offers his hand.

Wash. I say, governor—[*With mock gravity.*]—I forgive you—let's shake hands and call it square. I'm magnanimous.

Ten-per-cent. [*Enraged.*] You young rascal! I'll break every bone in your skin! How dare you?

Wash. Now, governor, don't get in a passion. Keep easy. [*Seizes Mr. T.'s hand and shakes it heartily.*] There—it's all right. Take a drink.

Ten-per-cent. Clear out, you young blackguard! Clear out, before I break your head.

[*Sits L. of L. table.*]

Wash. Don't let your angry passions rise. Don't you remember what you used to tell me?—Your little hands, &c. Come with me, and I'll tell you all about it. [*Takes his arm—they go up L.*] Greatest thing you ever heard of, I assure you.

Mrs. T. and ROSE come down, R.

Rose. (R. C.) [*Pathetically.*] My dear mother, I appeal to you for forgiveness. [*Takes her hand*] You have been too kind to me. You have indulged me in my every wish. In this matter, the great business of

my life, I was wrong not to consult you, but I was carried away by my impulses, and driven to desperation by the odious attentions of that ugly Crawl. I could not bear the sight of him!

Mrs. T. [Sits, and turns from ROSE.] Mr. Crawl is a very nice person—rich, and goes into the best society. You should not speak in that manner of him. It is highly improper.

Rose. [earnestly.] Mother, do not speak to me in that way. You were young like me, once——

Mrs. T. [indignantly.] Child!

Rose. [apologetically.] That is—I mean, you fell in love once.

Mrs. T. Not that I remember. I was a well-bred woman, and they do not fall into anything. I had no money, and I suffered your father, because he had some.

Rose. [aside, c.] I see that I shall not turn this stony heart by pathos. [*aloud.*] Mother! listen to what I say. We can and will exist, even in the shadow of your displeasure. I am a woman. I am emancipated from the condition of a frivolous coquette, or a fast watering-place belle. My position you may take from me—that's nothing. In this country, as I have heard, people do not inherit their positions—they make them. I have accomplishments—education—will. I shall turn them to account, and fight the battle of life for myself.

Wash. (U. E.) Bravo, Rose! I'm with you!

Mrs. T. [sarcastically.] Child! do you know what this battle is that you talk so flippantly of! Do you know what poverty is? Do you know what it is to descend from luxury to comparative want? To feel, daily, the loss of things to which you have always been accustomed—to ponder upon every dollar that you expend—to dress out of the fashion—to be out of the world—to wear one bonnet a whole year?

Rose. [aside] That is a terrible hardship. [*Aloud.*] Yes, I know it all. I am prepared for it all. I will suffer it all.

Mrs. T. [coaxingly, going c.] Come, Rose, this is but a passing fancy—give up this man.

Rose. Never! He's my husband! Good or bad—sink or swim—fair weather or foul—riches or poverty—money or no money—I will never desert him!

Mrs. T. goes to R.

Wash. (U. E.) Bravo, Rose! I wonder if there are any more young women about town, who are open for a small matrimonial game of pool?

Mrs. T. Give him up. Your father shall buy him off with something handsome—say a thousand dollars—and we won't say anything more about Crawl. Do—there's a good girl. [*Kisses her.*]

Wash. That's a compromise—but, like some of the political bargains, I'm afraid it won't work very well.

Rose. Mother! you've had my answer. I am his wife—I love him. Do you understand that? I love him—love—LOVE—LOVE him!

[*Goes up c.*]

Mrs. T. [aside.] What spirit she has! [*aloud.*] We shall see.
[*To ROSE.*]

Wash. [*To ROSE.*] No result, eh?

Rose. [*Sadly.*] None!

Wash. Well, keep up, sis—I'll take a walk down Broadway, and look at the young women. Great fun, that—they like it. Good bye, governor—no hard feelings, I hope. If you've any communications for me, you can address me at the club. And about the cheque—make it payable to bearer. I may have to turn it into chips. [*Crosses slowly to R.*] Good bye, mother. *Au revoir*, Rose—you're a brick. [*Exit R.*]

Ten-per-cent. [*Getting up to ROSE.*] Are you prepared to give up this man?

Rose. Never!

Ten-per-cent. Then not a cent of my money shall he have. We'll see how long it'll be before he'll shirk a wife who's of no earthly use; and worse than all, hasn't a second—

Mrs. T. Sir!

Ten-per-cent. Cent in the world. As for Wash., I'll pack him off on a Canton voyage, before the mast. See how he'll like that. No chance for billiards there. [*Chuckles.*] And for clubs, he'll get a rope's end.

Rose. Father, you will pursue your own course—allow me to take mine. [*Goes up.*]

Enter JANE, L.—gives note to TEN-PER-CENT, and exits.

Ten-per-cent. [*Reading note.*] Ah! Crawl's fist! [*To ROSE.*] Stop a moment. [*To Mrs. T.*] Come here—it's all right. Rose, come to your old father's arms. Oh, be joyful!—ha! ha! ha! I thought so—just like these foreign vagabonds—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. T. [*Taking letter.*] Precisely—yes; but what fools he has made of us.

Rose. [*Joyfully.*] And do you forgive us?

Ten-per-cent. } Yes. [*Gaily.*]

[*ROSE embraces them both.*]

Rose. [*With emotion.*] This is almost too good news to be true. [*Kisses her mother.*] I'll run and get Skib, I left him in the carriage. Oh, how glad he'll be! [*Exit, running, R. D. F.*]

Enter CRAWL, R.

Crawl. Well, are you satisfied?

Mrs. T. Oh, how much we are indebted to you!

Ten-per-cent. Yes, old fellow—call on me for anything you like.

Crawl. [*R., mock humility.*] My reward is not of the earth, earthy. My highest satisfaction was to preserve yonder fair maiden from the clutches of the destroyer.

Enter ROSE, L.—she is much agitated.

Rose. [*Coming down, c.*] He's not there. He promised, faithfully, not to go until he saw me. There's something wrong. [*Turns—sees CRAWL.*] Ah! this is your work! [*Shudders, and is falling—CRAWL supports her—she waves him back with disgust.*] Mother! tell me what

it is. [*Looks earnestly in their faces—then at CRAWL.*] Mother! Mother! save me from that man! [*Faints in Mrs. T.'s arms.*]

Crawl. (c.) She's mine!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Editorial rooms of the Scorchers; plain room; maps and files of newspapers on flat, R.; a writing-desk, covered with newspapers; baskets for waste paper. Over the desk a sign, inscribed—"Don't speak to the man at the wheel."*

Nut. [*Discovered at desk, holding up manuscript.*] Then I think that'll do. Yes—[*Reads.*] lovely young lady—accustomed to the best society—circumstances oblige her to make use of talent intended for drawing-room, for entertainment of public—native talent—had the pleasure of hearing her in private—splendid organ. goes up to double X flat, and could go another X if she tried—great shake, trills like a running brook—America should be proud of her; yes, that's pretty strong, but it's necessary to go it rather powerfully, now-a-days, to attract any attention. New York is like a stupid child, it takes no notice of anything but sugar plums and bass drums.

Enter FROTH, L.

Mr. Froth, how are you? Where have you been this age?

Froth. Don't you know? Went out West with the tremendous American actress, Miss Pauline De Vernon, *cidevant* Jenkins. Went to Albany, Chicago, Buffalo, and lots of high old places. De Vernon is a great card for circus business—rolls herself up in the American flag, and all that sort of thing. I believe she would have stood on her head, if it hadn't been against the law. When she dies, tumbles all over the stage; sometimes dies five or six times. Immense creature, but she didn't pay.

Nut. Why? didn't you do all your infallible dodges?

Froth. Yes, everything; had long extracts out of the New York papers—advertising columns—asked all the country editors to drink, and the cleanest of them to dinner; illuminated the theatre on the benefit night; set off twenty shillings worth of rockets; got up a romantic story about her early history and trials (she ought to be tried for getting people's money on false pretences); had the same set of diamonds, (California ones, from the original Jacobs), presented to her in seven cities, by seven different public spirited citizens; serenaded by six amateur brass bands; twelve four shilling bouquets every night; two complimentary benefits, tendered by the Mayor and principal nobles of each one horse town, every week—but it wasn't a go.

Nut. [*Laughing, R.*] No? why not? If there's any virtue in humbug, all that ought to succeed.

Froth. (L.) There is virtue in humbug, my boy, but you must have something to work on. That French joker, who made fifteen different

kinds of soup out of an old boot, had to have the boot to do it with. We "busted," simply because the Vernon, *née* Jenkins, though a very neat washerwoman, hadn't the slightest talent for the stage. I couldn't make the soup, because I didn't have the boot.

Nut. So, the Napoleon of blowers was beaten, for once?

Froth. Yes. Ten years ago I could have succeeded, boot or no boot, but Pauline was too bad for this enlightened age. One night, in a speech I had written for her, which she spoke after being called out by two stage carpenters, sent into the boxes for that purpose—she said it was the proudest "ery" in her life. I tell you what it is, Nutgalls, this star business is about played out. People see too much good acting in New York Stock companies, and they won't stand it. We agents can sometimes fool the press—these country editors are *so* good natured—but the *vox populi* do not rush in large masses, and insist upon chucking their half dollars into the treasurer's paw. I've done with it.

Nut. Done with it? Why, I thought it paid splendidly.

Froth. No, not now. Some of the musical agents make a good bit of money, by swindling people on books of the opera, and games of that sort, but it isn't much better than stealing. But you sent for me.

Nut. Yes. I've got a singular proposition to make to you. I want you to do a good action from disinterested motives.

Froth. That is rather a pastoral idea. However, out with it.—Drive on your cart.

Nut. (R.) Well, it is about our little friend, Rose Ten-per-cent that was—Madame la Comtesse de Skibberini that is. She'd a great deal better be a laundress, than a countess, for she has to earn her own living, and it is not precisely *en règle* for a countess to do that.

Froth. (L.) Oh, yes. I remember. Married that tenor who cut out our sweet, pious friend, Crawl.

Nut. The same. And the same sweet Crawl bullied and bought off Skibberini; first by cutting him out of his engagement at the opera—second, by offering him ten thousand dollars of old Ten-per-cent's money to leave the country—third, by persuading him that he was liable to criminal prosecution for abducting the girl. They played the old game on him—rung in a broken down policeman to bully the tenor, who immediately left the country.

Froth. That's a nice business.—But what did they expect to gain by it?

Nut. They expected that Rose would not find out the trick, and that she would, after a time, consent to a divorce, in some other state—Connecticut for instance: where a lady can get rid of her husband by act of the legislature, for about ten dollars, and for next to no cause at all—but Wash. run across the policeman in some of his nice haunts, and found out the whole affair.

Froth. Then there must have been a nice row.

Nut. You'd better believe so. It ended by the decamping of Rose from the Chateau de Ten-per-cent, baggage, poodle, bijouterie and all. Wash stuck to her like a brick, and so did that queer little, geological cousin of theirs, from Boston; they are all living together, across town, and—well—you must see for yourself. It is a great party.

Froth. I should think so. But what do you want me to do?

Nut. Well, you know that Rose has got a splendid voice, and has the far best musical education. I've heard her sing quite as well as any of the Italians, and if we must have opera music, which I consider an immense humbug, why shouldn't we have it, like the pies in the cheap eating houses, home made!

Froth. Ah! I see. You think there's a splendid chance for Madame la Comtesse to give a concert, and make some loose change. Yes—romance—Fifth Avenue—love match—unfortunate—it will do. I'll go in with all my heart, I won't charge her a cent, and I won't steal a penny of the receipts.

Nut. Bravo! what splendid magnanimity.

Froth. You'd think so, if you know as much about musical agents as I do. But let us go and see her.

Nut. That's a brilliant idea. I'll be with you in a moment. [*Speaking off R.*] Mr. Jones—I am going out and will not be back till this evening. Be good enough to ask Mr. Smith to pitch into the street inspector—Broadway is in an awful condition. Send a reporter up to Dead Eye Creek, to see about that railroad accident—tell him he needn't spread on it much, as there were only twenty emigrants killed, and these things are so frequent as to be common-place—ask Mr. Jenkins to look up the facts about that shooting affray in Cherry street, last night, and tell him to ask, in his article, why it was not on the return of the Captain of Police—and if the scoundrel is to go unpunished, because he is a small potato politician?—look over those Kansas letters. carefully, they are lying awfully on both sides, out there, now—tell Brown not to forget the new play at Laura Keane's to-night, and not to be any more meat-axy than is actually necessary, the author is one of us,—tell old Beeswax to write up Governor Popkins' obituary—he's got paralysis very bad, and may pop off at any moment, and if that woman comes in that wants to advertise her child lost, for nothing, tell her, we don't indulge in luxuries of that kind; but give her five dollars, and a notice under the city news head—and if that old snuffy book-puffer, and retailer of other men's antique jokes, comes in, tell him that if he will do me the honor to call on me to-morrow morning, I will do myself the honor of kicking him down stairs—and—and I think that'll do. Good morning, Mr. Jones. Now we'll go forth upon our mission.

Froth. *Allons!* let us on to victory.

[*Exeunt L. H.*

Change of scene.

SCENE II.—*Interior of Apartments in a tenant house. Scene should be closed in with doors in Flat, R., and L., Practicable fireplace R., neat, but cheap Furniture. Boquet on table where ROSE is seated at a sewing machine, c., WASH at another table writing. L., CERULIA at fireplace, surrounded by cooking utensils. A Canary Bird in cage, table c., Sewing Machine, R. c.*

Rose. [*Gaily, c.*] I say, Wash, this isn't the Fifth Avenue, exactly, but it's very nice, isn't it?

Wash. (L.) Yes, splendid, never enjoyed anything so much in all my life. How are you getting on, Rule?

Cerulia. [*Reading from book.*] Split him down the back, broil him over a hot fire, serve with butter.

Rose. [*Laughing.*] Still abstracted, Rule!

Cerulia. If I wasn't abstracted, I think your dinner would be. You used to laugh at me for my devotion to scientific pursuits, but they save us a great deal of money. I didn't read the Chemistry of Common Life for nothing.

Wash. That's so! Your beefsteaks would do credit to the artist of the Union Club; and for chicken fixins, Delmonico himself couldn't beat you. Then your bills are not quite so heavy as *Ciro's*.

Rose. I really don't know what we should do without you.

[*Crosses and shakes hands with her.*]

Cerulia. Nonsense!

[*Wipes her eyes with apron.*]

Wash. Wouldn't it be queer if anybody should call on us? What a row my bootmaker and tailor will kick up with the old man. He must pay 'em, though—nice old boy, sorry he wouldn't listen to reason; but really, he was so outrageous, that I think seriously of cutting him altogether.

Rose. [*Laughing.*] I am afraid you're a bad boy yet. How does the story come on?

Wash. You shall hear. You know, in last week's Smasher—circulation five hundred thousand, and a hundred guns for every extra thousand—the heroine, Anastasia Sophronia, had been induced by an anonymous letter, to meet her lover, Charles Henry Augustus, under the umbrageous shadow of an ancestral oak, near her father's castle; and the story left off when she was putting on her Goodyear's India Rubber overshoes, (I expect he'll give me a water-proof overcoat for ringing in his name,) the night being rainy, to go out. She repaired to the fatal spot, her heart beating with joy at the near prospect of meeting Charles Henry Augustus, who, fond youth, was gaily mingling in the dissipations of a fashionable watering place, (pitching pennies at Hoboken,) little thinking of the fair girl who ran the risk of bronchitis, (might have been cured by Dose-'em-all's Pulmonic Syrup—one dollar a bottle—six bottles for five dollars, sold by all respectable druggists)—get five for that sure, for his sake. As she came to the trysting-place, her eyes fell not upon the graceful form of Charles Henry Augustus, but upon the sombre and forbidding countenance of Count Jerkemoff. (that's the villain, you know,) who, enwrapped in a large black cloak, which entirely hid his face—

Rose. How could her eyes fall upon his sombre countenance, then?

Cerulia. Yes, tell us that.

Wash. Listen—entirely hid his face—save when it was momentarily blown aside by the fierce gusts of wind which swept down the avenue.

Rose. } Oh! Oh!

Cerulia. }

Wash. And anon gave glimpses of the harvest moon. He seized her in his arms. She screamed "Augustus!"—Ah! false one, where wast thou then? Filling the flowing bowl, (drinking a soda cocktail at the Otto Cottage,) and with thy gay companions, (two policemen in plain clothes,) disporting, while thy beloved mistress was in peril of her life,

health, and lungs! De Jerkemoff, with a fiendish yell, clasped her in his arms, she drew her faithful revolver, (Colt's improved, particularly recommended to members of Congress,) and put four barrels through his head.

Rose. Four what?

Wash. Ah! bullets—yes, put four bullets through his head. He staggered for a moment, and shrunk back—

Rose. I should think so.

Cerulia. It is impossible! There is no case in the books where a man was not instantly killed by that number of gunshot wounds.

Wash. Never mind—I'm not writing a medical work, besides that, revolvers have been introduced since the books were written. He staggered for a moment, and shrunk back, but immediately recovered himself and pursued the maiden. Turning, she fired the other two balls straight through his craven heart!

Rose. Good gracious!

Wash. He still pursued her! She was light and agile. Ah! the old oak. She swung herself quickly into its branches. On came De Jerkemoff.

Rose. What, with all his bullets?

Wash. Yes; she ran rapidly from branch to branch, till she reached the topmost crown of the noble monarch of the forest. Still the villain pursued her. Making use of the highly original remark: "My life you may have, but mine honor never," she ran to the end of the limb, and seizing it with both hands, swung herself off—and so remained, suspended in illimitable space—

Rose. Well, what then?

Wash. To be continued in our next.

Cerulia. Did the attraction of gravitation overcome the attraction of cohesion, and bring her suddenly and forcibly to the earth, according to the laws of natural philosophy?

Wash. Well, the readers of the 'Smasher' will have to wait till next week to find that out. I haven't exactly made up my mind what to do with her. As to the laws of natural philosophy, they have nothing to do with cheap novels. They are neither natural nor philosophical.

[*Knock at Door in Flat, R.*

Rose. Come in.

Enter FROTH and NUTGALLS, R. H. D. F.

Nut. [L. c.] Your servant, ladies. [*Shakes hand with them and with WASH.*]

Wash. Wash., old boy, how are you?

Wash. [L.] Gay, sir; gay as a robin, balancing himself on the edge of a tulip.

Rose. Mr. Nutgalls, I am heartily glad to see you. Mr. Froth, its a long time since I had the pleasure to meet you.

Froth. [R.] Yes, madam; but I am the only loser. I have been regaling myself with a view of one of our Western cities. Great monuments of American enterprise and go-ahead-iveness they are too. Ah! my scientific friend, [*To CERULIA.*] as hard a student as ever, I presume.

Cerulia. Yes. By the way, Mr. Froth, did you hear anything of some new geological discoveries, in Indiana?

Froth. No. I went after rocks, however, but I didn't get any.

Wash. [*Aside.*] He stole that out of the "Picayune."

Rose. Gentlemen, be good enough to be seated. I believe there are chairs enough.

[*They all return to their avocations, as before, ROSE and NUTGALLS, c..*

FROTH flirting aside with CERULIA, and attempting to assist her in her culinary operations ; WASH. writing.

Rose. Well, Mr. Nutgalls, how do you like our quarters?

Nut. They are not at all bad—in fact, they are much more comfortable than mine, up sixteen flights of stairs in a fashionable hotel, with no attendance—and four skirmishes per diem to get anything to eat. How did you happen to find them?

Rose. Well, we tried everything. First, we had lodgings in an exceedingly select private family, with all the modern improvements.

Wash. References exchanged,—

Nut. And a pious family?

Rose. Oh, yes; the prayers were much better than the dinners. The table service was great; the knives and forks were like old soldiers, who had served in several campaigns, under different generals, and had no sympathy with each other. On state occasions, there were stiff table napkins, about big enough for a baby's pocket handkerchief. As to the modern improvements—the gas was always cut off at eleven o'clock, about the only time Wash. wanted it, and altogether we had to pay a great deal for being made miserably uncomfortable. Then Wash. tried advertising again,—

Wash. Yes; did this dodge. [*Reads.*] "WANTED.—Board, by a respectable young man, eighteen years of age, in a strictly private family, the female portion of which can inculcate and instil into his mind moral principles and precepts. Such only need address A. E. B. S. X. Y. Z., Herald Office, within three days."

Nut. [*Laughing.*] That certainly ought to have succeeded.

Rose. The number of communications that we received from strictly private families was enormous, inducing us to believe that the population of New York was divided into two classes,—people who take boarders and people who board. But we soon found that there was no middle ground for us. We were out of society,—and as society had generally cut us, we resolved to treat society with the most profound contempt.

Nut. Bravo! The fashionable world is a queer institution. They have brought style down to the smallest particulars lately. The other day I employed an artist in the dog line, to perform a surgical operation on a terrier, when he gravely informed me that it wasn't the style to cut off terriers' tails, now-a-days. So I complied with the dictates of fashion, and Joe's organ of recognition remains unmutated.

Wash. So wags the world.

Rose. So we concluded to set up an establishment of our own; and such a time we had in finding a place to lay our heads, you can't imagine. So, after all sorts of adventures, we happened to hit upon this

place, which was built by some benevolent individual, who evidently had our case in his eye.

Nut. More likely he had twelve per cent. per annum in his eye.

Rose. We have a whole floor—four rooms, with everything convenient; and nothing annoys us. I haven't the slightest idea who our neighbors are, but I believe that Wash. has struck up a flirtation with a French *blanchisseuse*, up stairs.

Wash. Entirely platonic, your honor. The young woman was struck with my magnificent *ensemble*.

Rose. Well, we are very comfortable, and each is happy, in the several departments of labor. We have a sort of "light of other days" old lady, who does the heavy work, and Rule gets us up the most magnificent dinners from the very smallest materials.

Nut. [*Pointing to sewing-machine.*] But what do you do with that?

Rose. That is a great invention, and the name of Singer, it's inventor, is a credit to his country—fit to be mentioned with Morse, McCormick, Steers, Hoe, Hobbs, and other Americans, whose victories in the arts of peace are quite as great as the achievements of their revolutionary sires. It is a great invention, and gains us ten dollars a week. Wash. writes for the Sunday papers, and they pay him very well; and Rule foolishly sticks to us, though she has a nice house in Boston.

Cerulia. Oh! there's no particular merit in that; I like it. It's a new development of one of my theories. Rose has been assayed in the retort of adversity, and has come out pure gold. I like her much better than in Madison Avenue.

Rose. [*Deeply affected.*] I believe I am changed for the better.

Nut. [*Aside with energy.*] Now, if I had a daughter like that, I'd forgive her for anything. (*To Rose.*) Have all your old friends cut you?

Rose. Oh, no. Not quite. Human nature and fashionable society are neither quite so bad as some, who don't know anything about them, try to make them out. No, those I love best still adhere to me, and have offered me assistance.

Wash. Which we wouldn't accept—and I must say that the fellows at the club behaved in the handsomest manner to me.

Nut. That's pleasant. [*To Rose.*] You ought to come out as an authoress.

Rose. No! I've been too much disgusted with the namby-pamby female literature of the day. With an occasional exception, our authoresses either write silly platitudes, abolition harangues, or disgusting personalities.

Nut. Too true! They are immense nuisances, and ought to be suppressed by act of Congress. But have you thought further on the subject I mentioned the other day?

Rose. Oh, yes. I go every day to my old music master, who is very kind; but I'm almost afraid—I fear a failure.

Nut. Oh, don't be alarmed. The public is generous enough—too generous at times. No, you mustn't be afraid. We must give the concert; appeal directly to the public. Who ever knew our people to refuse to support beauty and genius in distress?

Rose. I do not fear the public. But, then, the press—won't they cut me up awfully?

Froth. [*Coming down.*] Oh, bless your heart, no. They are the nicest people in the world and the most gallant.

Nut. [*Laughing.*] Froth is good authority. He manages the press.

Froth. Now, old fellow, let me up, please. I tell that to some of these foreigners, sometimes, but every sensible man knows there is no such thing as managing the New York press—that is, the important papers. What they do they do freely; but as to buying or bullying them, it is out of the question. There are some dirty fellows, who hang about Nassau and Spruce streets,—have no real connection with any paper—but get a job for charity sometimes, as one would throw a bone to a vagabond dog—who bully artists and others out of small sums, and thereby sometimes bring an honorable profession into disrepute, but your true journalist feels for them only the bitterest contempt.

Nut. Still, we are a tender-hearted race, particularly to petticoats—and I can safely promise you the aid of the press. I have brought Mr. Froth here as your agent. Everybody must have an agent, you know. And I have engaged the Academy for to-morrow night. Through the quarrel between Max and the Directors, I have it for a small price, and [*Showing poster,*] here's the bill.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.


GRAND LYRIC CONCERT.

MADAME ROSE DE SKIBBERINI,

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL EMINENT ARTISTS,

Will have the honor to make her first appearance in a GRAND LYRIC CONCERT, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

On Wednesday Evening next.

 Tickets, with reserved seats, one dollar each. To be had at Hall & Sons—Breusing's—and the Academy. No reserved seats sold after five o'clock on the evening of the Concert. Particulars in future advertisement.

Rose. Good gracious, Wash! Rule! come here, and see how my name looks in large letters; I'm afraid, however, that it will be a failure.

Nut. Courage, *ma petite!* Froth will do everything that is right.

Froth. Yes, we must have a good lot of bouquets and a house full of people. I'll send a squad in, the same *clique* that they have for all the new artists, with stout canes and strong umbrellas. Are you particular about how many times you are called out?

Rose. Why, it is made a matter of business. I'd rather not have any *clique*.

Froth. Oh, you must, they always do it. The fashionable people never applaud, and applause is positively necessary to a singer.

Rose. [*Stoutly*] No; I won't have anything of the kind. If the

public applaud me, well and good—if not, I'll come back to my sewing-machine.

Froth. (R.) Well, just as you please, but I must go now—I'm going to see your papa; have you any message to the governor?

Rose. [With feeling] No, thank you, but I often think of all his former kindness, and regret that he was led away by that odious Crawl.

Froth. There are some queer rumors in the street about him; however, I'll tell you more about that, by and bye.

Wash. [To FROTH.] I'll walk part of the way with you; I'm going down to the *Smasher* office, to have my matter measured with a string, and receive my little dimes.

[WASH changes his coat, he and FROTH come down.]

Rose. Going, Mr. Froth? Let me see you again soon. And, Wash, be sure you're back at five—Rule has got a splendid piece of roast beef for dinner.

Wash. [Crosses to L.] Don't be alarmed, I'll be in for that, I have an appetite now-a-days. Froth, labor has its advantages—[Crosses to R.] you ought to try it.

Froth. Maybe I will, some day, just for a change. *Au revoir*, ladies.

[Exit, with WASH, R. H. D. C.]

Rose. [To NUTGALLS.] Will you remain and try the beef? I have a great many things to say to you!

Nut. (L.) And as I don't drop in upon a thing like this, every day, I accept your invitation with pleasure.

Rose. Now, Rule, do your best—get up a feast for the gods.

SCENE III. (R. H.)—Room in TEN-PER-CENT'S house.

Enter TEN-PER-CENT, hurriedly, reading a newspaper.

Ten-per-cent. Going to have a concert, is she? Well, I never will forgive her, now. What an eternal disgrace—my daughter singing before every low fellow that can raise a dollar. I wonder what Mrs. T. will say to all this? I miss Wash. and Rose very much, and would gladly have forgiven everything, but this is too much. [Savagely.] They'll come to me on their knees, one of these days, and ask pardon, and then I'll turn them out of the house. [Softly.] No, I don't know that I'd do that, either. What an old fool I am, to be sure. Not a soul to speak to in the house; dinner all alone. I wish somebody would come in, if it was only Froth. Jane! Jane!

Enter SERVANT.—(JANE).

Ten-per-cent. Jane—have the evening papers come?

Jane. Yes, sir; here's the Mirror.

[Giving him a newspaper.—Exit JANE.]

Ten-per-cent. "MORE SCHUYLERISMS! Wall Street was thrown into a fever of excitement this morning by rumors of heavy frauds in some of the Western railroad stocks. It seems that a financier, named C—,

distinguished for his piety, has been carrying on, for years, a tremendous amount of speculating in fancy stocks, and was employed as secretary for the Jacksonville and Dead Eye Creek Railroad, which stock he bulled up to 135. He then issued a large number of fraudulent shares." Good heaven! that's where nearly all my whole fortune is invested; but being bitten in some other speculations, he was not able to meet the second. The stock fell to 40 at the first board, and at the second, was offered at 25, with no takers. Ruined! ruined! It is also rumored that this scoundrel has forged notes-of-hand to a very large amount; and it is stated that he sailed to-day in the Hermann, for Bremen.

[*Stage grows dark*—TEN-PER-CENT sinks upon a chair, covering his face with his hand.

Ten-per-cent. And this is the end. That smooth-faced hypocritical villain has robbed me of the affection of my children, and of the wealth I toiled so long to obtain. He will escape, too, through the negligence of our law makers, who imprison a man a year for stealing a loaf of bread, but allows a rascal who defrauds me of half a million of dollars to go unpunished, and live in luxury on the fruits of his crime! Oh! if I only had some one to speak to. My wife—she's a bad consoler, but better than none. [*Calls.*] Jane! Jane!

Enter JANE.

Where's your mistress?

Jane. Been out, sir, since morning.

[*Hands him note and exits.*

Ten-per-cent. Of course, she's out.

Enter FROTH, R.

Froth. Good morning, sir. I have the official vote for Congress, in your district. Blowhard has beaten you, one hundred votes. Sorry, but couldn't help it.

Ten-per-cent. This was only needed to cap the climax of my misfortunes. Froth, I am the most miserable of men. [*Goes to FROTH, places his hand on his shoulder, and looks in his face.*] Where are my children—my wife—Crawl—

Enter MRS. TEN-PER-CENT.

Ten per-cent. [*Sarcastically.*] Madam, I am glad to see you, and surprised too; you should have gone with your dear friend, my friend Mr. Crawl.

Mrs. Ten. I have heard something in the street, tell me what is the matter.

Froth. Simply, that Mr. Crawl has Schuylerized with nearly all of your husband's means.

Ten-per-cent. And has escaped, the villain.

Mrs. Ten. And is it all sure?

Ten-per-cent. I cannot tell. At any rate, it will be a serious inroad upon my fortune, and—

Mrs. Ten. And we must economise till we know the worst, and trim our sails to suit the gale. Count upon my aid, my husband. I am to

some extent the cause of your misfortunes, I will do my duties as a true wife to alleviate them.

Ten-per-cent. Thank Heaven ! This is the only really happy moment I've had since Rose left us. I have lost my means, but I have gained a wife.

[*Exeunt MR. and MRS. TEN-PER-CENT.*]

Froth. She's an immense brick, that woman—splendid things these women are when a fellow is in a tight place. They are like ivy, the more you're ruined, the more they cling to you. Bravo ! Mrs. Ten-per-cent, you're an ornament to your species ! [*Looks at watch.*] Five o'clock, I'll go and feed, and thereafter adorn my person, look up my friends with the stout umbrellas, and then, ho ! for the Academy.

[*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE LAST.—*Green Room of the Academy of Music—Door, right entrance to the Stage—Piano covered with Music.*

ROSE, NUTGALLS, WASH, FROTH, and CERULIA discovered.

Nut. (L. c.) Well, Rose, there's a splendid house.

Froth. (R.) Nearly all money, too.

Wash. (L.) And lots of our old fellows there—it's very fashionable.

Cerulia. There seems to be an upper stratum of democracy in the amphitheatre.

Rose. (c) I hope they are not Mr. Froth's friends with the stout umbrellas. Oh, dear ! I feel very much frightened.

Nut. Keep up your courage, you needn't be afraid. They are so good natured that they are applauding the baritone, who can't sing a bit, and has no voice worth mentioning.

Rose. Oh ! I'm not so much afraid of the people as I am of the critics.

Froth. Why, my dear, you needn't be afraid of them. They are the best fellows in the world.

Nut. Yes, indeed, they'll treat you handsomely.

Rose. Yes, but then I'm not a great artist, and—and—

Nut. Oh ! that's nothing, they will be kind. For my part, I would have every critic sworn as they do grand jurors. You shall pitch into no one for malice, hatred or revenge, and leave no one unpitched into for fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward. But still they are only men, and men always mollify at the sight of a petticoat in distress. *Vide the stage sailors.*

Froth. [*To ROSE.*] Sky-hi-hi has finished the violin solo. I thought he never *would* get through—any one that plays the Carnival de Venise ought to have six years in Sing Sing, and—it's time for you to go on.

Rose. Well, I'm all ready. Oh, dear ! I feel as if I was in a shower-bath, and going to pull the string.

Nut. Well, pull the string then—there—run ! [*Pushes ROSE on Stage.—Great applause is heard ; they all crowd to wing.—Another round of applause.—Music.*] There ! do you hear that !

[*More applause.*]

Froth. [*Applauding.*] Yes ; that's a splendid reception. Bravo ! little one——

Enter TEN-PER-CENT, cautiously.

But, who have we here?

Cornelia. [Looking at TEN-PER-CENT.] It's a fossil. Queer place for one, too.

Nut. Not by any means—the directors are all fossils. *[Going to TEN-PER-CENT.]* Good evening, sir; I did not really expect to see you here.

Ten-per-cent. [sadly.] It's as astonishing to me as to you,—but I have been overtaken by sudden misfortunes and I am not the man you knew yesterday. *[More applause, during which*

Enter ROSE, with Bouquets, R.

Rose. Oh! such a splendid reception—such nice people—applauded everything I did, good and bad. *[sees her Father.]* My dear father! *[Runs to him, and throws herself in his arms.]* I've heard everything.

Ten-per-cent. [R.] My dear child!—we are now all alone in the world.

Rose. Not alone, father. You still have a wife and children, who have always loved you. You were the victim of a bold, bad man, who had no heart. I knew it. Women cannot be deceived in such matters, when their hearts are not involved. But you will come to us, dear father, now—will you now, and live with us always?

Ten-per-cent. Can you forgive me?

Wash. [Coming down.] Forgive you! Why, Governor, I told you a month ago, I bare no malice against you. There, *[Shakes hands with TEN-PER-CENT.]* that's what I offered to do long ago, but you wouldn't. Never mind, old fellow, it's all right now. *[Goes up.]*

Rose. It is I that should ask forgiveness for disobeying a parent's sacred commands—but I was confident that I was in the right; and now, my dear father, my heart is so full, that I lack words to express myself. *[Embracing him.]*

Froth. [To ROSE] Come, it is almost time for the “Ah! don't mingle,” *[To TEN-PER-CENT.]* Excuse me, Sir, the public claims its Prima Donna.

Rose. [Going out, R.] Good bye, Pa. I'll return soon.

[Exit to Stage.—Loud applause.]

Froth. Bravo! that's splendid! Go it, Umbrellas!

[All applaud, and all crowd to R.]

Enter SKIBBERINI, R., going L. in great haste.

Skib. Where is she? Where's my wife? The victim of a foul conspiracy, I was sent out of the country, away from all I loved—and I have not since known one happy hour.

Nut. [Coming down.] Ah, my gentle tenor,—so, you are here,—you received my dispatch?

Skib. Yes. The moment I heard of my wife's misfortunes, I relinquished all my engagements,—travelled night and day,—and here I am.

Wash. [Coming down.] But the tin's all gone, old fellow.

Skib. Never mind! I'm glad of it. It gives me an opportunity to prove that I did not marry her for money.

Ten-per-cent. [*To SKIBBERINI.*] I have a thousand apologies for you, but don't know how to make them. [*They talk aside.*]

Froth. By Jove! that's a splendid trill. That will be an *encore*, no doubt. [*Loud applause within.*]

Enter ROSE, very much exhausted.

Rose. There, that's over, and I'm heartily glad of it. I've nothing to do now, till the end of the second part. [*Goes to piano, and sits.*]

Wash. Now, sis, you are all right, you sang like a bird, and every body is in extacies with you. One fellow says your scale is splendid, and I told him you carried extra weight on purpose.

Rose. Thank you. Your musical criticism is quite as good as any.

Froth. It's a splendid success.

Nut. And I suppose there's nothing else in the world you want.

Rose. One!

[*NUTGALLS comes down bringing SKIB. NUTGALLS takes her hand and puts it into that of SKIB, and goes up softly. ROSE turns on piano stool and sees SKIB.*]

Rose. My dear husband. [*Attempts to rise, but falls into SKIB's arms.*]

Skib. Look up, dear Rose. We never will part again. Before I heard the truth in relation to you, I was in the interior of Germany, and under an engagement, but as soon as I could free myself from it, I did so, and have travelled night and day, impatient for this blissful moment.

Rose. I never doubted your truth. It was my belief in you, that made me risk all, in giving to you my maiden heart; it was my belief in you which has since supported me under the trials that have fallen to my lot. [*They go up. WASH. and CERULIA come down.*]

Wash. Well, Rule, have you considered my proposition with your usual profundity.

Cerulia. Yes. I have applied a mental analysis of it, and—

Wash. Are you in favor of a clinique?

Cerulia. Well, you've been a pretty good boy.—I think your primary formation is good—your devotion to your sister shows that, and they say a good brother makes a good husband. Still matrimony, viewed logically, is an absurdity, and—

Wash. [*Kissing her.*] There, we'll hear the rest of that some other time.

[*Goes up with CERULIA. SKIB, ROSE, FROTH, NUTGALLS and TEN-PER-CENT come down.*]

Skib. To whom do we owe all this happiness?

Rose. Chiefly to our good friend Mr. Nutgalls.

Cerulia. Oh! Mr. Nutgalls, you're an angel.

Nut. Thank you. That's the first time I was ever called an angel in my life.

Froth. The simile is really not appropriate.

Wash. No, he's not quite the idea for a conventional angel.

Froth. It's time for the finale to Cinderella.

[*Sings.*]

“Now with grief no longer bending.”

Rose. [*Goes to wing*] All ready.

Nut. [*Goes to wing, and leads her to c.*] If they call you out, what will you say?

Rose. You shall hear. [*Coming down to lights*] Ladies and gentlemen—without the smallest particle of egotism, I ask you if you are satisfied with the career of Young New York, as typified by us? Do you approve of the step that I have taken, in coming before the public, and asking for the support it always generously accords to talent, in every department of art? Will you sustain me? Do you consider my debut a success? And shall I continue my artistic career? Thank you!—And remember this—that it is only the test of adversity that brings out the latent virtues that are hidden in every heart. That genius is the gift of Heaven, bestowed upon no single class, and that the accomplishments and refinements called frivolous by those who envy their possessors, may be turned to the best account in the hour of need. That the rich are not to be censured by the poor for being rich, nor the poor by the rich, for being poor; but that every man and woman is to be tried by the standard of their acts alone; and upon them is to stand or fall. How do you like Young New York? [*All applaud.*

All. Bravo!

[*NUTGALLS leads ROSE to wing,—Applause —Quick Curtain.—Orchestra Music, Finale to Cinderella.—End of piece.*

Position of Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

FROTH, TEN-PER-CENT., SKIB., ROSE, WASH., CERULIA, NUTGALLS.

THE END.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

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